
Title: Lost Magic

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The Magic Has Gone
Frost's fingers withdrew
and let go of the world.
Winter's heart was
melting away.
When the wizard appeared
and his magic unfurled.
Reaching out to lighten
our day.

He did tricks to amaze,
astound and delight
in a world every moment
less real.
He kept us enthralled well
into the night
with the incredible and
the surreal.

The village welcomed him
into its heart
and extended its invitation
to stay.
Till one day he woke and
declared he must part
then swiftly and smoothly
vanished away.

The next spring as we
dealt with the annual
snow's melt,
in the gradually
brightening weather,
the magician, still tanned
and healthy and svelte,
came striding on out of
the heather.

He juggled with balls that
he conjured from air
He cast spells for our
satisfaction.
He had tricks and ruses
with diversions to spare
and provided a welcome
distraction.

There was nobody had

sufficient time to play
host
so we directed him to a
suitable tavern
But lacking the fervour
he could previously boast
he marched away again
through the bracken.

The subsequent year held
problems galore
with a winter we barely
survived
Then just when we
couldn't have taken any
more
the spellcaster finally
arrived.

He patched up our homes
and cleared out the
fields,
cured our cattle of most
of its ills.
He put charms on our
grain and promised good
yields.
Even sharpened our tools
with his skills

We worked him hard, told
him to sleep in the stall,
and were glad that he
seemed so naive.
He was almost a slave at
our beck and call
till we finally allowed him
to leave

One year later he was
long, long overdue
and we were starting to
worry.
And we had no idea of
what we would do
if he did not appear in a
hurry.

He eventually came but
aware of his name
this time, and how much
he could ask.
So he laid out his fees
without any shame
saying what we must pay
for each task.

And as on his magic we

had come to rely
we had no real choice, so
we paid.
Then an unoccupied
building he decided to buy
and in our little village
he stayed.

Remembering three years
of what had seemed oh
so clever
I wandered along to look
on.
But though his powers
were even greater than
ever
somehow the magic had
gone.